Country Pork; or the Disappointed Bumpkin

The Pig gave a grunt and the clown gave a ro
When the whole of the party lay flat on the

THE

Humorous Jester;

OR,

Repository of Wit and Fun:

BEING THE

Newest, Drollest, most Laughable, Funny, and complete Collection of

Pleasing Jests,	}	Merry Jokes,
Whimsical Puns,	}	Funny Stories,
Irish Bulls,	}	Choice Epigram,
Pleasant Quibbles,	}	Agreeable Epitaphs,
Smart Sayings,	}	And other pleasant
Keen Replies,	}	Witticisms.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Variety of Toasts and Sentiments, suitable to the best Companies.

The Whole calculated to please, either in Company or at Home, by creating the hearty Laugh and promoting Mirth.

Since 'tis meant to laugh, not weep,
To Wit and Fun we wish to keep:
All Spleen and Grief to lay aside:
And pleasant Joke and Tale provide:
Nor let a Tear e'er wet the Eye,
Unless by Laughing you should Cry.

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Printed and Sold by J. HOLLIS,
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THE

Humorous Jester.

A Gentleman going into an Inn at Chelmsford, on a very cold Day, could not get any Room near the Fire; whereupon he called to the Ostler to *fetch a Peck of Oysters, and give them immediately to his Horse.*—Will your Horse eat Oysters, said the Ostler?—*Try him*, said the Gentleman.—Immediately the People ran out to see so wonderful a Thing, and the Fire-Side was clear, so that the Gentleman had the Choice of Seats.—Soon after the Ostler brought the Oysters to the Gentleman, and told him that the Horse would not eat them: —*Why then*, said the Gentleman, *I must be forced to eat them myself.*

An Englishman and a Welchman, disputing in whose Country was the best living, the Welchman said, there was such noble Housekeeping in Wales, that he had known more than a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner.—Aye, replied the Englishman, that's like enough, *because every Man toasted his own Cheese.*

A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenter's Man to drive a few Nails in his Study, the Man, after he had done, scratched his Head, and said, he hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink.—*Why*, said the Gentleman, *there's a pickled Herring for you; if that don't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

An honest Country Farmer meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected; the Parson in an uplifted Tone, told him, he was better *fed* than *taught* :—Very true, indeed, Sir, answered the Farmer, for *you teach me*, and *I feed myself*.

A knavish Attorney, by way of Jest, asked a worthy Gentleman what was Honesty?—*What is that to you*, said he, *Meddle with those Things that concern you*.

An Irish Officer being asked why he fled from his Colours, he replied, My Heart was as good as any Man's in the Regiment, but *my cowardly Heels would run away with me, whether I would or no*.

A Man being brought to the Assizes at Norfolk, to be tried for having several Wives, Two of them appearing to prove their Titles to his Person, when a Third stood up for the same Purpose, and a Fourth appeared in readiness.—Why, you Fellow, said the Judge, at this Rate *where do you intend to stop?*—To stop, my Lord, replied the Man; why, *I was going on till I could find a good one*.

A Physician who lived in London, visited a Lady who lived at Chelsea. After continuing his Visits for some Time, the Lady expressed an Apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her Account.—Oh, Madam, replied, the Doctor, I have another Patient in this Neighbourhood, and by that Means, you know, *I kill Two Birds with one Stone*.

An Irishman, who was remarkable for making strange Blunders, being asked how it happened that his Countrymen were more remarkable for their making Bulls and Blunders than other People, he replied,—I believe it is owing to the Climate; for if an *Englishman* was born in *Ireland* he would do the same.

A Gentleman's

A Gentleman crossing Cheapside was applied to, by a Man who swept the crossings, for Charity. The Gentleman replied,—I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return.—Please your Honour, said the Man, *it is unknown the Credit I give in this Way.*

A Tradesman lately calling upon a Gentleman for the Payment of a Bill, desired to know when he would let him have the money for it: He answered,—Call Tomorrow and I'll pay you.—The Tradesman accordingly called the next day, on which the Gentleman said,—My Word is my Bond, as I told you when you called last.—*Call Tomorrow and I'll pay you, so I say now, you may trust to my Word.*—Tomorrow never came.

A Lady being desirous of saving the Small Beer, which was tolerably good at that Time, sent for the Butler, and asked him how it might be preserved:—I know of no Method so certain, my Lady, replied the Butler, as *placing a Barrel of good Ale by the side of it.*

A young Buck, who had been gambling all the Night, went thundering at a Friend's Door, about Two o'Clock in the Morning, and roared out,—Halloo, Tom, *are you asleep?*—Why, said the Friend:—Because, answered the Buck, I have been at play and lost Fifty Guineas, and want you to lend me Fifty more to try my Luck again.—Aye, Aye, do you so, replied the Friend, then *I am asleep indeed; and very fast too.*

A genteel Fortune-Hunter, in a Coffee-Room at Bath, was one Day boasting, that he had got an excellent Phaeton, on *a new Plan*:—I am rather of Opinion, said a Gentleman who was sitting by, that you have got it on the *old Plan*, for I suppose *you never mean to pay for it.*

One *Hog*, who was to be tried before Judge *Bacon*, told him he was his Kinsman :—To which the Judge replied, *No Hog can be Bacon till he is hang'd, and then I'll allow you to be my Kinsman.*

An extraordinary Match, which had taken Place between a Lady and Gentleman, being the Topic of Conversation at a Tea-Table Party, an Old Gentleman, who was one of the Company, asked what was the Difference of their Years?—On being informed that the Bride was only Twenty-five, and the Bridegroom *Seventy* :—The Old Gentleman drily replied,—Poor Lady! she had much better have had *Two Thirty-fives.*

A Country Squire being in Company at an Inn, and wanting the Servant, cried out angrily, Where is the *Blockhead?—Upon your Shoulders, Sir*, said the Man.

An Oxford Scholar, who piqued himself upon being a *Wag*, was accosted upon the Road to London, by a Person, who asked him, which was the nearest Way to Tyburn?—Why, replied the Oxonian, the nearest Way you can take, is to stop the first Person you meet, and demand his Money.—Are you sure of that? replied the Traveller; then drawing a Pistol out of his Pocket, he said, I am for Expedition, your Money this Instant.—The Wag submitted to his Demand, and *paid Six Guineas for his Joke.*

A poor Player having lent one of his Companions a small Matter, spoke to him one Night behind the Scenes in Covent Garden Theatre.—Tom, those Two Guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I am in great distress.—Don't talk to me about it, said the other, by Heavens, within this Week I'll take Care to pay you in *some Shape or other.*—You will oblige me, replied the Creditor, and pray let it be as much *in the Shape of Two Guineas as possible.*

As

As some young Sparks were returning home with their jovial Companions through the City, about Three in the Morning, they accidently met with the Watch, who was regularly crying the Hour.—This was considered by some of the Bucks to be Satire upon them for keeping bad Hours.—One of them therefore insisted that the Fellow should cry, past *Eleven* o'Clock instead of Three, or he would severely drub him.—After some Remonstrance, the poor Man was obliged to comply: But, before he had finished, suddenly recollecting himself, he said shrewdly, I know the *Hour* I am to call, but pray Gentlemen, what Sort of *Weather* would you chuse to have?—*Sunshine!* you Scoundrel, to be sure, *Sunshine.*—Upon which (notwithstanding it rained at that Time violently) the Watchman gravely cried out, in the proper Key.—*Past Eleven o'Clock, and, by particular Desire, a Sun-shining Morning.*

A humorous Gentleman going along Holborn, when a great Mob of Spectators was gathered to see a Malefactor pass to his Execution at Tyburn, asked a genteel Person, who was standing in the Crowd,—What was the Name of the Fellow going to be hang'd?—He answered, one *Vowel!*—Said the Gentleman, Pray do you know which of them it is, Sir; for there are several of that Name?—No, returned the other, *I do not.*—Well, said the Wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, *that it is neither* U *nor* I.

A Gentleman who had been ill for some Time, and tired of being drenched with Medicines, was one Day visited by his Physician, who, as usual, drew up a Prescription for him.—The next Day the Doctor coming to see his Patient, found him up and well; upon which he asked, If he had followed the Prescription? Followed your Prescription! cried the Gentleman, —*No,—Egad, if I had, I should have broke my Neck; for I flung it out of the Two Pair of Stairs Window.*

A Gentleman

A Gentleman in the Country, whose Wife had the Misfortune to *hang herself* on an Apple-Tree, a Neighbour of his wished to beg a Slip of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard :—For who knows, said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit.*

A young Woman, who pretended to be averse to Marriage, and wished not to be taken at her Word, was one Day asked by her Fellow-Servant, *if she would have him?—Faith! no,* John, said she, *but you may have me if you will.*

A Lady, was one day boasting, that she had got the better of a Person she had been arguing with; at which one of the Servants said,—Aye, Madam, he took a wrong *Sow by the Ear* when he meddled with *your Ladyship.*

A Gentleman and his Man riding into the Country, they met a fellow astride upon a Cow.—The Man calls to his Master, O Sir, said he, Yonder is a strange Sight! a Fellow is *on Horseback on a Cow.*—That's a *Bull,* said the Gentleman.—Nay, Sir, said the Man, it is not a Bull, I know 'tis a *Cow* by it's Teats.

An Irishman, making Love to a Lady of Fortune, among other Things told her,—He could *not sleep* for *dreaming* of her.

A Gentleman going along the Strand rather late in the Evening, saw Two Men scuffling on the Ground, and the uppermost beating the under one violently. Upon the Gentleman telling the uppermost that his Conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let the under one get up, that he might have an equal chance with him,—the Fellow drolly looked up to the Gentleman, as he lay upon the other, and drily replied,—*Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much Trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily.*

A Gentleman

A Gentleman walking along the Street on a rainy Day, had his Stockings sadly splashed by a poor Fellow, who was carelessly passing him; upon which the Gentleman threatened to give the poor Man a *good Dressing*.—The Man replied, I am much obliged to your Honour, but as you are a Gentleman, you ought to be the best *dressed*; and, if you please, I will undertake you shall be so.—This well-turned Spark of Humour, and so unexpected, pleased the Gentleman so well, that he gave the poor Man Sixpence; and with a Smile, bid him be gone about his Business.

A certain Nobleman married Three Wives, who were all his Servants.—A Beggar-Woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtsey, and said, *Ah, God Almighty bless you, and send you a long Life.*—Why so, good Woman, said his Lordship, —*Why, if you do but live long enough, we shall all be Ladies in Time.*

A Country Squire being at a Fair, asked a *Merry Andrew*, why he play'd the Fool?—For the same Reason, said he, *as you do: Out of want:—You do it for Want of Wit, I for Want of Money.*

Henry the Fourth of France, reading the following ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a Spanish Officer: Here lieth the Body of Don ——, *who never knew what fear was.*—Then, said the King, *he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers.*

A facetious Canon of Windsor, taking his Evening Walk, as usual, into the Town, met one of the Vicars, at the Castle Gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous Port.—So, said the Canon, from whence came you? I don't know, Mr. Canon, replied the Vicar; *I have been* spinning *out the Afternoon with a few Friends:*—Aye, and now, said the Canon, *you are* reeling *Home.*

A Lad

A Lady, that had married a Gentleman who was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting along with him, said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, pray write something for me.—Let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow on me when I am dead?—Oh, my dear, replied he, that is a melancholy Subject! don't think of it.—Nay, upon my Life you shall, said she, Come, I'll begin.—*Here lies Bid.*—To which he answer'd,

Ah! I wish she did.

A Person seeing a Friend of his going along the Street, call'd, *Halloo*—A haughty Fellow passing by at the Time, asked what Business he had to cry *Halloo* while he pass'd by?--Plague take ye, said the Man, *what Business had you to pass by while I was crying Halloo?*

An arch Boy being at a Table where there was a piping-hot Apple Pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks.—A Gentleman who sat by, asked him, Why he wept?—Only said he, because it just come into my Remembrance, that my poor Grandmother died this Day Twelve month.—Phoo, said the other, is that all?—So, whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly symphathized with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a Sneer asked him, Why he wept?—A Pox on you, said he, because you were not hanged, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died.

A noble Duke asked a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the Parson?—Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but the Question is so odd, *that I shall never see a Goose* for the future, without thinking upon your *Lordship*.

An arch Fellow, who was more fond of Wit than Industry, being asked in Company, what *Wine* he chiefly chused for his own drinking, replied, *that of other People's*.

A Man

A Man being asked by his Neighbour, how his sick Wife did, made this Answer :—Indeed, Neighbour, the Case is pitiful : My Wife fears *she shall die*, and I fear *she will not die*, which makes us both disconsolate.

When Mossop the Tragedian died, his Circumstances were in a reduced State ; and on examining his Breeches, a *Penny* was only found in his Pocket.—This Particular, a Gentleman was relating with some Emotions of Distress and pity to Foote, when the Wag replied,—Why, Sir, you can't say then that he died *pennyless*.

As the celebrated Dr. Johnson, was sitting in a Coffee-Room, where a Dog was rather troublesome, he ordered the Waiter to kick him out : The Waiter not being so ready as he should be, the Doctor repeated his Orders ; upon which a young Genius said to the Doctor, Sir, I perceive you are not fond of Dogs ?—No, said the Doctor, *nor of Puppies either*.

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous Cause.—In his Address to the Jury he said, That for Brevity's Sake in the Course of the Trial, he should shorten Mr. Vansittart's Name, and call him Mr. Van.—When Mr. Vansittart's Examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same Liberty as the learned Counsel, by shortening his Name, and he should therefore call him Mr. *Bear*.

A Country Fellow, who was just come to London gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last looked into an Attorney's Office, and seeing only one Man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what Commodities were sold there : But calling to the Clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, if I may be so bold, what Wares do you deal in ?—*Loggerheads*, cried the other.—I'faith, answered the Countryman, then you've a special Trade, for I see you have *but one left*.

A Rider

A Rider to a capital House in the City being on a Journey, waa attacked a few Miles beyond Winchester by a single Highwayman, who robbed him of his Purse and Pocket Book, containing Cash and Notes to a considerable Amount.—Sir, (said the Rider with great Presence of mind,) I have suffered you to take my Property, and you are very welcome to it: It is my Master's, and the Loss cannot do him much Harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any Defence, I must just beg of you to fire a Pistol through my Hat.—With all my Heart, (said the Highwayman,) where about will you have the Ball?—Here, said the Rider just by the side of the Button.—The unthinking Highwayman was as good as his Word: But the Moment he had fired, the Rider knocked him off his Horse, and with the Assistance of a Traveller, who just at that Time arrived, lodged the Highwayman in Winchester Gaol.

A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, on a very cold Night, stood so close to the Fire that he burnt his Boots.—An arch Rogue, who sat in the Chimney Corner, cried out to him, Sir, you'll *burn your Spurs* presently.—*My Boots* you mean, I suppose, said the Traveller.—No, Sir, replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

A Man going to part Two others in an Affray, was cut sadly in the Skull.—Sir, said the Surgeon, one may *see your Brains.*—Nay I'll be hanged then, said he, for if I had *any Brains* I never should have come here.

A Countryman sowing his Field, and Two smart Fellows riding by, one of them called to him in an insolent Air,—Well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour.—To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing Hemp.*

Some

Some Thieves meeting a Man, robbed him, and afterwards bound him and left him a Wood.—A little Time after they met another, robbed him, bound him also, and laid him on the other side of the Hedge, not far from the first Man: When one of them cried out, saying,—*I am undone! I am undone!*—The other hearing him say so, prayed that he would come and *undo him too.*

A haughty Fellow taking Notice that every Time he went by a certain Shoemaker's Shop, the Master of it *laughed*, upon which he took it into his Head to have him before a Justice for the Affront; when the Shoemaker replied, that he had equal Reason to complain, for that every Time he laughed, *the other went by his Shop.*

A Scotchman and an Irishman were disputing one Day with great Warmth upon the Excellencies of their respective Nations.—Paddy, in proof that his surpassed all others, said, all Heroes, Sages, and Philosophers, came out of his Country:—That is so true, replied Sawney, that there is not *one left in it.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's Meeting, heard the Friend that was holding forth with great Emotion against the ill Consequence of giving the Lie in Conversation; and therefore he advised, when any Man was telling a Tale, that was not consistent with Truth or Probability, to cry *Twang*, which would not irritate Passion as the Lie would. Afterwards he got into the Story of the great Miracle of Five Thousand being fed with Five Loaves of bread, &c. when he told them, they were not such Loaves as are used now, but were as *big as a Mountain*:—At the hearing of which the Sailor uttered, with a loud Voice, *Twang.*—What, said the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, Friend?—No, said Jack, but I am thinking *how big the Ovens were that baked them.*

Two Persons at Law together for their Lands, th Trial came to be pleaded before the Chancellor; and th Counsel on both Sides setting forth their Limitations i Question by the Plan, said one Counsellor, My Lord we *lye* on this Side:—and, said the other, My Lord we *lye* on this Side:—Nay, cried his Lordship, if yo *lye* on both Sides, I can *believe none of you.*

A poor Man, who said he was a Scholar, asking alm of an Artificer, said he was Master of the *Seven Sciences* The Artificer answered, I am more learned than you are because I, with *One Art*, am able to support myself Wife and Children, whereas you, with all your *Seven* are not able to maintain yourself.

A young Fellow being told his Sweetheart wa married, and, the better to convince him of it, added he had seen the *Bride and Bridegroom?*—Prithee, sai the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names I cannot bear to hear them:—Shall I call them *Do and Cat*, answered the other:—Oh no, for Heaven' Sake, replied the first, that sounds Ten Times mor like *Man and Wife* than the other.

A humorous Gentleman passing in his Carriage throug the Turnpike at the End of Oxford-Street, was oblige to stop while a mean-looking Man in almost thread-bar Coat passed: Upon asking the Turnpike-Man who tha Person was, he told him he was a *Lord.*—I thought so said the Wag, *he looked so little like a Gentleman.*

An idle Fellow, who was being whipped in the Cit of York, walked so very slow, that a Person seein him pass, began to pity him, and said, Mend you Pace, poor Man, the sooner to get rid of your Sham and Misery:—To which the Fellow replied, Whe you are whipped, you may go what Pace you please As for me, *I shall walk as I think proper.*

A broke

A broken down Rake, almost dead with Filth and Disease, going into a Coffee-Room, pretty nigh the Fire:—A Gentleman said to him, Stand farther off, Friend, for you stink!—The Rake replied, Sir, *'tis you that smell, not I.*

Some young Sparks going along the City on a Lord-Mayor's Day, one of them stared at a Lady, who was in a Balcony, till she was going to retire: On which the young Spark said, What doth the *Sun offend you*, Madam? —Yes said the Lady, *the Son of your Father and Mother.*

A West India Planter having returned to this Country, brought with him much Wealth, and also a faithful Slave. He had not long resided here before he sickened, and there were but little Hopes of his Recovery. Accordingly one Day when this Negro was with him, Sancho, said he, for your faithful Services, I mean to do you an Honour: I shall leave it in my Will that you shall be buried in our Family Ground.—Ah, Massa, replied Sancho, Sancho no good to be buried: Sancho rather have de Money or de Freedom.—Besides if de Devil come in the Dark to look for Massa, he mistake, and take de *poor Negar Man.*

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Fortune would support, and the Regiment not being paid as he expected, was forced to part with a great Part of his Equipage. A few Days after, as he was walking by the Road Side, he saw one of his Soldiers lousing himself under an Hedge?—What are you doing there, Tom, said the Captain?—Why, faith Sir, answered the Soldier, I am following your Example, *getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

A Nobleman telling his Servant that he *owed him a Beating* a great while:—Take Notice, said the Man, if you never pay me, I shall never *ask you for it.*

A Mason unluckily falling from the Top of a high House, happened to light upon a Man who was sitting just under that Place, whom he killed, but was not hurt himself: Upon which the Son of the Deceased upbraided him as a Murderer:—But the Mason defended himself in this Manner: Friend, said he, if I have committed a Crime, I am willing to give you Satisfaction for it.—Do you yourself go up to the same Place from whence I fell, and I will sit upon the same Spot your Father did, then throw *yourself down and kill me, if you have a Mind.*

A Gentleman being one Day in Conversation with a Friend of his, told him, That Man had nothing in this World but his Possessions and his Body; and that his Possessions were torn to Pieces by the Lawyers, and his Body by the Physicians:—For which Reason, replied the Friend, we find but *few Lawyers that have Suits*, and *few Physicians that take Physic.*

A Gentleman, who was extremely vain of himself, was boasting in Company that he had every *Sense* in Perfection:—*No*, said one of his Companions, there is one you are entirely without, and that is *Common Sense.*

A Gentleman being one Day at Dinner at a Country Inn with some other Travellers, observed one of them convey a Silver Spoon into his Pocket, unperceived, as he thought, by any of the Rest. Our Wag, in order to clear himself and the rest of the Company from the Imputation of Theft, took his Spoon, and tied it to the Breast Button of his Coat; which the Landlord perceiving, asked what he was going to do with it.—Why, replied the Gentleman, I thought it was the Custom of this House for all Guests to carry away their Spoons, so I tied mine to my Button-Hole for fear I should forget it.—But that Gentleman, pointing to him that stole one, likes to put his in his *Pocket.*

A Sharper

A Sharper of the Town, seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone in a Tavern, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a Paper of Tobacco, and said,—*Do you smoke, Sir?*—*Yes*, said the Gentleman very gravely, *One that has a Design upon me.*

A free-thinking Author said to a certain Bookseller, who was a little low in the World, that if he would print his Works, they would *set him up*.—And indeed he was as good as his Word, for in a little Time after he published the first Thing he was *set up*, but it was *on the Pillory*.

A pert Coxcomb in Company with Foote, rising from his Chair, said saucily,—*Know*, Mr Wag, *I set up for a Wit!*—Oh do you so, said Mr. Foote, *then take my Advice, and set down again.*

A Taylor having made a Coat for a Customer, who was a crooked and deformed little Man, and very peevish and troublesome withal; upon the Taylor taking the Coat home he found many Faults with it, and at last said, it was altogether *ill made*:—This made the poor Taylor so angry, that he could not help sayjng, then *'tis like you*:—When the Taylor took up his Coat and walked away.

A Shoemaker who had a Vote in the Election for Member of Parliament, went constantly to a House of Entertainment that was opened on the Side of one of the Candidates, where Meat and Liquors were liberally furnished.—When the Election came on, Crispin gave his Vote against the Gentleman on whose Side he had all along eat and drank; and being reproached for the Baseness of his Conduct, he burst into Laughter, and said, ever whilst you live, *quarter upon the Enemy*, I say, *quarter* upon the *Enemy*.

A Man who was *blind of one Eye*, met, very early one Morning, a crook-backed Man, to whom he said, Friend, you are loaded betimes:—The crook-backed Man replied, It must indeed be betimes, since you have got but *one* of your *Windows open*.

A Cobler's Wife speaking of a Street wherein she had lived, before her Apprentice, he grumbling said, there where none but *Whores* and *Bawds* lived there:—What's that you said, sirrah, said she?—I said, says he, there are *honester Women than yourself* live there.

An Officer was remarking in Company, of the Scotch in general being excellent Soldiers, when a Gentleman replied, I am not in the least surprized at it, for as soon as they are born they *handle their Arms*.—Meaning they having the Scotch Fiddle.

A Gentleman going to a Friend's House, was presented by him with a Cup of Small Beer, which the Gentleman called **Ale**: So going a Week afterwards, he saluted him with another Cup of the same Beer, saying, Sir, I dare not commend the Beer to you, for indeed it is *dead*.—To which the Gentleman replied, That may very well be, for it was very *weak* when I was here last.

Two Gentlemen having Words in a Tavern, at length fell to fighting with their Canes. A Stander-by observed one of them strike his Antagonist over the Head, while the other belaboured his Sides and Shoulders. After the Affray was over, he asked the latter why he did not strike him over the Head also:—Oh, Sir, said he, if I had struck him over the *Head*, I should have *broke my Cane*.

A merry Gentleman asked a Lady of Seventy at what Age a Woman's amorous Passions subsided.—Indeed, Sir, said she, you must ask a Woman older than myself, for I am unable to inform you.

An

An Oxford Scholar being at Cambridge Ten Days together, they kept him drinking all Night, that he could not rise before Dinner:—Being asked how he liked the Place? he said, Well enough, but the worst of it is, *there is no Forenoon in it.*

A French Dragoon, in the Service of Louis XVI. having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after some Words, told him, he would let him escape that Time; but if ever he found him there again, he would throw his Hat out of the Window. Notwithstanding this Threat, in a few Days he caught the Spark in the same Place, and was as good as his Word.—Sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the Place where he knew the King was to be; and throwing himself at his Majesty's Feet, implored his Pardon.—The King asked what his Offence was?—He told how he had been abused.—Well, well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your Provocation: I think you much in the Right to throw *his Hat out of the Window.*—Yes, an it please you, my Liege, *but his Head was in it*, said the Dragoon.—Was it replied the King: Well, my Word is passed.

A certain Doctor having been out a shooting one whole Morning without killing any Thing, his Servant begged Leave to go over to the next Field, for he was sure there was some Birds there; and, adds the Man, if there are, I'll *doctor* them: *Doctor* them, said the Master, what do you mean by that?—Why, *kill* them, Sir.

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his Master some Time in Scotland, when he came back some of his Companions asked him how he liked Scotland?—I will tell you now, said he, *I was sick all de while I was dare; and if I had lived dare till dis Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

A proud

A proud Parson, and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock in a new Coat. The Parson asked him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat?—The same People, said the Shepherd, that cloath you, the Parish.—The Parson, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty Way, and sent his Man back to ask the Shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a *Fool.*—The Man went to the Shepherd, accordingly, and delivered his Master's Message, concluding thereby, that his Master really wanted a Fool.—*Why are you going away then?* said the Shepherd.—No, answered the other.—*Then you may tell your Master*, replied the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain Three of us.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers on an Expedition against the French, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon enlisted.—When he returned, his Friends asked what Exploits he had done? He answered, *that he cut off one of the Enemy's Legs*; and being told, it had been more honourable and manly to cut off his Head, *Oh*, said he, *you must know his Head was off before.*

One Day a Country Gentleman, at a Coffee-House, having a News-Paper in his Hand, said to Mr. Foote, who sat near him.—I have been looking some Time to see what the Ministry are about, but I cannot find where those Articles are put, not being used to the London Papers.—To which Mr. Foote answered, *Look amongst the Robberies.*

A Scribbler, who was fond of his own Writings, once told Mr. Foote, that he had a Mind to publish his Poems; but said he, I have so many Irons in the Fire that I don't know what to do.—Then take my Advice, said Mr. Foote, and put your Poems in the Fire *with your Irons.*

A Gentleman,

A Gentleman, just married, telling a Friend he had that Morning laid out a Thousand Pounds in Jewels for his *dear Wife*.—Faith, Sir, said the Friend, I see you are no Hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear Wife*.

A shrewd Man, by Trade a Carpenter, being subpœnaed as a Witness on a Trial for an Assault, one of the Counsel who was endeavouring to brow-beat him, asked what Distance he was from the Parties when he saw the Defendant strike the Plaintiff.—The Carpenter answered, Just about Four Feet Five Inches and a Half.—Prithee, fellow, said the Counsel, how is it possible you are so very exact, as to the Distance?—Why, to tell you the Truth, said the Carpenter, I thought perhaps that some *Fool* or other might ask me, and so I measured it.

A Gentleman being some few Miles from Town, near where a Friend of his had just built a Country House, when being taken with a terrible griping in the Bowels, he bethought himself that he would call on his Friend and see his new House.—After having enquired of his Servant if his Master was at Home, and being told that he was not: Well, said the Gentleman, shew me your little House:—Yes, Sir, replied the Servant, (keeping the Door in his Hand) the House is *small* but very compact.—I mean, continued the Gentleman, your necessary House:—Yes, Sir, replied the Servant, I believe my Master will find it very *necessary* when he comes Home, and much better than Lodgings.—Your Conveniency, I mean, said the Gentleman:—Very *convenient*, indeed, answered the Servant.—Here the Gentleman, from the Emotion in his Bowels, being no longer able to contain himself, cried out lustily,—You Rascal, shew me where your Privy is, or I shall *befoul my Breeches*.—O Lud, Sir, said the Servant, *that is not built yet*.—Judge then, good Reader, what followed.

A poor

A poor, but worthy Clergyman, who possessed only a small Lectureship, from the Income of which he had a *large* Family to maintain, had been under the Necessity, through some expensive Family Sicknesses, &c. of contracting Debts with several in the Parish; and, being unable to answer their Demands, absconded for some Time for Fear of being troubled, and in short, was so ashamed of facing his Creditors, that he even prevailed with a Friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However considering this Method of Life could not last long, he took Courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his Parishioners; when he took his Text from the New Testament in these Words, *Have patience and I will pay you all.* He divided his Discourse into two general Heads: First, *Have patience,*—Secondly, *and I will pay you all.*—He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most Christian Virtue, *Patience*; after which, *and now*, said he, *having done with my first Head, viz.* Have Patience, *I come to my second and last general Head*, which is, And I will pay you all;—*but that I must defer to another Opportunity.*—Which excellent Conclusion so pleased his Creditors, that they gave him his own Time to pay his Debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him.

Some young Sparks coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-Boy cried, Have a Light Gentlemen?—Light yourself to the Devil, said one of the Gentlemen--Bless you, Master, replied the Link-Boy, I can find my way in the Dark.--*But i'll light your Honour there if you please.*

A Shopkeeper selling some Goods to one who said that he asked too much for them, and that he ought not to buy so dear of him as of another, because he was his Friend:—To which the Shopkeeper replied, Sir, we must gain something by *our Friends*, for our *Enemies will never come to the Shop.*

A poor

A poor Frenchman, who was very hungry, went into a Cook's Shop in St. Giles's, and there staid till his Stomach was satisfied with the Smell of the Victuals: —The Cook falling into a Passion, insisted on his paying him for a Dinner, which the poor Monsieur refused to do; and the Dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the Decision of it to the first Man that passed that way. Accordingly the Man, on hearing the Case, very wisely determined that the Frenchman's Money should be shook between Two empty Dishes, and the Cook should be satisfied with the *gingling* of it, as the poor Man had been satisfied with the *Smell* of the Cook's Meat.

A humorous Person being upon a Visit at a Gentleman's Seat in Oxfordshire, where a Number of Hogs where kept in the Sties, and one Morning walking that Way, he perceived a *Silver Spoon* that had been thrown into the Trough with some Wash.— The Hogs making more than common Noise, caused one of the Maids to come up to see what was the Matter with them, and to silence them; and on seeing the Gentleman just by, she cried out in a passion, Plague take the Pigs, what a Noise they make.—To which the Gentleman replied, Aye, well they may, Hussey, when they have *only got one Silver Spoon among them all.*

A Gentleman of Gloucestershire, some Time ago had a Wife not of the most agreeable Temper in the World; however, as an indulgent Husband, he had bought her a fine Pad, which soon after gave her a Fall that broke her neck.—Another Gentleman in the same Neighbourhood, who had likewise a termagent Spouse, asked the Widower if he would sell his Wife's Pad, for he had a great Fancy for it, and he would give himwhat he would have for it.—No, said the other, I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't *marry* again.

Mr.

Mr. Foote one Day told a Miser, that he (Sir Gripus) was exceedingly happy in being free from Two dreadful Plagues that tormented many Thousands in this Metropolis.—What Plagues are those? replied the sordid Wretch.—Why, a *Smokey House* and *Scolding Wife*, said the Wit; for the dread of *matrimonial Expences* hath kept you unmarried; and your Antipathy to *dressing of Food* renders Fires in the House unnecessary.

A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and fearing the Foot of it was boggy, called out to a Clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the Bottom. —Aye, answered the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you:—But in a Dozen Steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle-Skirts, which made the young Fellow whip, spur, curse, and swear.—Why, you Rascal, said he to the Ditcher, did not you tell me it was hard at the bottom?—*Aye*, replied the other, *but you are not half way to the Bottom yet.*

A great Politician, who, as soon as he had breakfasted, constantly went to a Coffee-House, to learn what News he could, by Way of winding-up and set a going for the rest of the Day, accosted a Gentleman, saying, Well, Sir, have you any thing *new* To-day?—Why yes, Sir.—This put the Politician on the Tiptoe of Expectation; and he asked the Gentlemen, what it was.—Why, said the Gentleman, (clapping his Hand upon his Knee) *a new pair of Buckskin Breeches.*

A Counsellor who was pleading before Lord Mansfield, asked his Lordship, Whether the Lawyer or the Physician was to have the Precedency in any judicial Affair:—Why, said my Lord, pray who goes first, the Criminal or the Executioner?—The Criminal, replied the Pleader:—Then said his Lordship, the Lawyer may go as the *Thief*, and the Physician fellow at the *Executioner.*

An

A very impudent Fellow used to go so often to a Gentleman's House to Dinner, that they grew weary of him, insomuch that the Gentleman seeing him coming, bid the Servant put back his Dinner.—The Fellow staying there some Time, asked one of the Servants what Time Dinner would come up?—Truly, Sir, said the Servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but Folly for you to stay here.*

A Person being summoned to appear at the Sessions for a Witness, about an Affray that happened in Holborn, and being called to stand up to give in his Evidence, the Judge said to him, Friend, how came these Two Persons to fall out?--Why, a'nt please you, my Lord, said the Fellow, *he said, my Lord, you are a Rogue.* —The Judge perceiving the People smile, bid him speak to the Jury, *for there were twelve of them.*

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caused a Causeway to be begun; and as he was one Day overlooking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman passing by said,—Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the Highway to *Heaven*:—Very true, (replied the Doctor) for if it had, *I should have wondered to meet your Lordship here.*

An old covetous Gentleman died, and left his Estate to a very extravagant Son. This Spark, as he was riding in his Coach to Tunbridge, was angry with his Coachman for not driving faster, and called out to him, You Dog, if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my Coach, and kick you to the Devil.—*If you do, Sir,* said the Fellow, *I'll tell your Father how prosely you spend his Estate.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings; *how is it possible,* said she, *that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

An Irish Officer being one Night in Company with several who belonged to the same Corps, one of them in a joking Way said, he would lay a Dozen of Claret the Irishman made a Bull before the Evening was over.—Done said Pat.—The Wager was laid, and, by way of bothering him, he was asked how many Bulls there were in that town?—*Five*, said Pat.—Where do you make them out, said the other?—Faith, said, Patrick, there is the Black Bull in the Market-Place, and the Red Bull over the way; then there's the Pied Bull just by the Bridge, and the White Bull at the Corner.—They are but *four*, said the other.—Why, arrah, said he, there's the *Dun Cow* in Butcher-Row.—That's a *Bull*, said the other.—By Jasus, says Pat, *then I have won the Wager, for* you *made it a Bull, and not* me.

An Englishman and a Dutchman, disputing about the goodness of their different Countries; says the Dutchman, your Countrymen think of nothing but guttling, and even the Names of your Places have a reference to it: You have your Portsmouth's, your Plymouth's, your Yarmouth's, and you are all *mouths* together.—Aye, (replies the Englishman) and you have your Amsterdam's, and your Rotterdam's, *and damn you all together, I say.*

A gentle Sprinkle of Rain happening, a Plough-Boy left his Work and went home; but his Master seeing him there, told him, that he should not have left his Work for so trifling an Affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained *downright*.—A Day or two afterwards proving a very rainy Day, the Boy stayed till Dusk, and being almost drowned, his Master asked him why he did not come home before?—*Why I should* (said the Boy) *but you zed I shou'd n't come hoam vore it rained* downright; *and it has not rained downright yet, for it was* aslaunt *all Day long.*

As

As the late Dean Swift, was once upon a Journey, attended by a Servant, they put up at an Inn, where they lodged all Night. In the Morning the Dean called for his Boots; the Servant immediately took them to him. When the Dean saw them, -How's this Tom, cried he, my Boots are not cleaned?—No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again.—Very well, said the Dean, go get the Horses ready.—In the mean time the Dean ordered the Landlord to let his Man have no Breakfast.—When the Servant returned, the Dean asked if the Horses were ready?—Yes, Sir, said the Servant:—Go bring them out then, said the Dean.—I have not had my Breakfast yet, Sir, said Tom.—Oh! no Matter for that (said the Dean) if you had it, you would soon be hungry again. —They mounted and rode off; and as they rode the Dean pulled a Book out of his Pocket and fell to reading.—A Gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed till he met the Servant)—Who is that Gentleman? (said he to the Servant)—'Tis my Master, Sir, said Tom.—I know that you Blockhead, said the Gentleman, but where are you going?—We are going to Heaven, Sir, said Tom:—How do you know that? said the Gentleman:—*Because I am fasting, and my Master is praying, Sir, so I think we are in the right Road to that Place.*

A Girl said to her young Lover, I shall grant you all you ask, after you have given me what you have not; what you cannot have; and that you may give me—*A Husband.*

Two Women chattering together, one of them said, —My Daughter has not laid her Eyes together these Four Nights.—*You Fool,* said the other, *how should she? Does not her Nose lie between?*

An Irish Gentleman, who had been appointed an Ensign in the Army, had his Regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling Manner; and in particular his Sleeves were four or five Inches too short. Some Friend of his observed that his Cloaths did not fit him at all:—*How the Devil should they*, (says the honest Hibernian) *for when the Taylor took Measure of me, he was in London, and I was in Dublin.*

A handsome young Gentleman, having married an extreme ugly Lady, who was very rich, was asked by his Friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a Woman? *Look ye*, (said he) *I bought her by Weight, and paid nothing for* Fashion.

Milton was asked by a Friend, whether he would instruct his Daughters in the different Languages? To which he replied, *No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a Woman.*

A learned Gentleman of the Bar, when interrogating a Sailor who was Witness to a Murder on Board a Ship, asked him where the Defendant was when he saw him strike the Person murdered?--The Defendant! (replied the Sailor) *I do not know what you mean by the Defendant.*—The Counsellor addressed himself to the Bench, and argued that he was not a competent Witness, who did not understand what Plaintiff or Defendant meant: However, the Sailor was suffered to proceed in his Evidence.—In the course of which he was asked by the aforesaid Counsellor, in what part of the Ship he (the Evidence) stood in, when the Fact was committed?—*Where did I stand?* replied the Sailor, with sea-faring roughness) *why I stood abaft the Binnacle.*—Abaft the Binnacle! (says the Counsellor) pray where is that?—*There is a pretty Fellow of a Counsellor*, (replied the Sailor) *who does not know where abaft the Binnacle is.*

A ragged

A ragged Fellow once boasting of the Antiquity of his Family, and what *Arms* they bore :—A Gentleman, who wished to make him ashamed, very drily replied, Very like, Sir, you may have a *Coat of Arms*, but I see you have hardly got *Arms to your Coat*.

One Evening, in a Coffee House at the West End of the Town, a Countryman of Mr. Burke, the great Irish Orator, speaking of him, said,—Upon my Conscience he speaks with the Tongue of an *Angel*; for when I heard him, I thought the *Devil* was in the Man.

Dr. Johnson being once in Conversation with a Gentleman of Glasgow, the Gentleman was speaking much in Praise of many fine Prospects that were to be seen at and near Edinburgh.—When he had done, Dr. Johnson said, I believe, Sir, you have forgot to mention the *best Prospect of the Whole*.—What is that, said the Gentleman?—The Road from *Edinburgh to London*, replied Johnson.

A Gentleman, who had a remarkable *stinking Breath*, having been taking his Morning Ride; and returning to the Coffee House, was asked by an Acquaintance where he had been?—I have been taking the Air this Morning, said the Gentleman, and I have had a sharp North Wind full in my Face all the Time.—Come, come, said the Acquaintance don't complain, for I think the *North Wind had the worst of it*.

A Lady being questioned to her Age, replied she was *Forty*, and asked a Gentleman to give his Opinion, —Sir, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but Forty?—I am sure, Madam, said the Gentleman, I ought not to dispute it! for I have constantly heard you say so for above these *Ten Years*.

An Irishman was asked, if he could play upon the Fiddle?—Yes, said he, I believe I can, but I *have never tried*.

Two Gentlemen standing together, as a young Lady passed by them, said one, There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw —She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him ugly, said,—Sir, I wish I could, in return, say as much by you.—So you may, Madam, (said he) *and lie, as I did.*

When Lieutenant O'Brien (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the Carriage of a Gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with Pleasantry, I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty Appearance, *for I came out of the Ship in so a great Hurry, that I had not Time to shift my myself.*

The late Mr. Flood, once talking of the Pension List, said, it might be compared to *Death*, for it was the *Wages of Sin.*

At an Entertainment given by the Heads of a Parish, the Company, when the Glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry: When the Clerk of the Parish who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his Merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any Gentleman to sing, except such Songs as he thought proper to call for.—Hey-day, Mr. Amen, said the Churchwarden, this is making too free, methinks; for though you make the Company sing what you please on Sundays, I can see no Reason you should oblige them to do so every Day in the Week.

A Gentleman having some Company to Dinner, one of them cried out,—Lord bless me, *I've forgot my lac'd Waistcoat!*--The Master of the House told him there was no Need of any Apology, for he was very well dress'd.--You mistake me, replied the Guest, *I don't mean a Gold Lace Waistcoat, but my Waistcoat with a Lace behind.*

A Sailor

A Sailor crossing Blackheath one Evening, was stoped by a Footpad, who demanded his Money, when a Scuffle ensuing, the Tar took the Robber; who meeting some People, they persuaded him to bear away with his Prize to the Justice of the Peace at Woolwich, which the Tar did; and when the Magistrate came to examine into the Assault, he said, he must take his Oath that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the Man.—The Sailor looking stedfastly at the Justice, answered,—*He, damn him; he put me in bodily Fear? No, nor any that yet lived; therefore, if that be the Case, you may let him go, for damn me if I swear to such a lie.*

A certain swaggering Officer being in Company with some Friends, bragg'd greatly of the Number he had slain by his own Hand abroad, insomuch that, by his own Account, he had demolished at least Five Hundred. —Sir, said one of the Company, I have *killed*, in my Time, let me see—Five at Madrid—Ten at Lisbon—Twenty at Paris—Thirty at Vienna, and double the Number at the Hague.—But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarcely landed there before a desperate Fellow *killed me.*—Killed you! said the Officer, *D—n you, what do you mean by that?—Sir*, replied the Gentleman, *I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine.*

An Englishman going into one of the French Ordinaries near Soho, and finding a very large Dish of Soup, with about a Pound of Mutton in the Middle of it, began to pull off his Wig, his Stock, and then his Coat; at which one of the Monsieurs being very much surprized, asked him what he was going to do?—*To do! why, I mean to strip and swim through this* Ocean *of Porridge, that I may get at that little* island *of Mutton.*

A Welchman

A Welchman seeing his Master tearing some Letters, —Pray Sir, give hur one, said he: No Matter which, to send to hur Friends, for they have not heard from hur a great While.

A Man who had a very good Stomach, was invited to Dinner, but having some extraordinary Business, he staid till they had almost dined. How to get his Belly full he could not tell, but sits down very melancholy in a Chair.—Said he, it was a sad accident that happened to your Neighbour Green just now, for looking *out at Window* he put *both his Eyes out*.—Away the Company run to this Neighbour's House, and in the mean Time he made an End of their Dinner for them.—At their Return, they told him, they did not think he was such a Liar.—Said he again, What I say is true, for none can put their *Heads out*, but their *Eyes must be out* likewise.

A Chimney Sweeper's Boy had just swept the Chimney at a Barber's shop in London, and, while the Boy was tying up the Soot, some of the Journeymen, who were at work in the Shop, being inclined to exercise their Wit on the poor Lad, among other Questions asked him, what Trade his Father was?—To which the Boy very archly replied, What Trade? Why my Father was a Barber and I might have been a Barber too, but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a blackguard Business.

A Countryman of a merry Disposition, being inclined to joke with one of his Neighbours,—Hodge, said he, how many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town *excepting yourself* —Excepting! myself; What do you mean by that? quoth Hodge.—Nay don't be angry said the other, how many are there then, *including yourself*.

A Frenchman

A Frenchman, who spoke very broken English having some Words with his Wife, endeavouring to call her B—ch, but could not recollect the Name: At last he thought he had done it, by saying, Begar, mine Dear, but you be *one Dog's Wife*.—Aye, that's true enough, answered the Woman, the more my Misfortune.

A Dog running open-mouth'd at a Serjeant on a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert down his Throat, and killed him on the Spot. The Owner coming out, raved extremely at the death of his Dog, and asked the Serjeant why he could not as well have struck him with the blunt end of his Halbert.—So I would, said the Serjeant, if he had run at me with his Tail foremost.

A Country Fellow being at Blackwall, and seeing the Ships, asked one who stood by, what they were? who told him they were Ships: So pointing to one of them, Pray, said he, how old is it?—They told him, *Two Years old*.—How! said the Fellow, and so big already! Lord! what a huge masty Thing it will be, *by the Time it is as old as I am*.

A Woman lying on her Death Bed, desired her Husband's Leave to make her *Will*.—That needs not, said he; you have had your *Will all your Life Time*, and would you have your Will *when you are dead too*.

A blind Fidler, playing in Company, and playing scurvily, the people laughed at him. His Boy that led him perceiving it, cried, Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at us:—Hold thy peace boy, said the Fidler, we shall be *paid* presently, and *then* we'll *laugh* at them.

A merry Gentleman being once asked by a Lady, who was the most unhappy of all Men? answered.—*He who thinks himself so*.

A Lord

A Lord Lieutenant going over to Ireland with his Lady and Family, was in his Passage overtaken by a violent storm, that the Mariners themselves give the Vessel over for lost, and expected every Moment that she would either founder or go on shore. At this Juncture, a Sailor observing one of the menial Servants standing pale with Fear at the Cabin Door, came up to him, and asked, if he had ever *lain with a Duchess?* —No, said the poor Fellow, frighted at such Waggery in such a dangerous Time.—Why then, said the Tar, you have that pleasure to come; for we shall all lay with her Grace in less than Half an Hour. The Duke overheard this, and when the Storm abated, and the Danger was over, he sent the Fellow a handsome Present, and forgave him the Impudence of the Joke for the Sake of his Wit.

A certain great Lady passing in her Chariot through Long-Acre one Morning, perceived her Son coming out of a Brothel.—The Spark, having a quick Eye upon his Mother, retreated back into the Passage in great Confusion.—The old Lady ordered the Coachman to stop at the Door, and called out, My Son, my Son, never be ashamed of *coming out of a bawdy-house*, but for ever be ashamed of *going into one*.

A Woman was to be sworn before a Justice of the Peace, whether she was a Maid, Wife, or Widow? The Magistrate informed her that if she swore to a Falsehood it would be Perjury, and punished accordingly; at which she humm'd and ha'd for some Time, but at last said, I was never married, so you may write me down *young Woman*.

A Man having eaten some Cheshire Cheese full of Maggots.—Now, said he, I have destroyed more at one Time than ever Sampson did.—Very true, said another, *and with the same Weapon too*.

A poor

A poor Man in Sussex, who was deemed very skilful in pragnostications about the Weather, was asked by a Lawyer, when the *Sun would change? When a Lawyer goes to Heaven*, answered the Poor Fellow.

Mr. Ralph Amner, (who was an Irishman, and remarked for the strange Blunders he made) one Time when he was sick, he said to his Friends, when I am dead, let this be my Epitaph,—*Here lies* honest Ralph, as *dead* as any Man *living*.

A Sea Captain being just come on Shore, was invited by some Gentlemen to a Hunting Match. After the sport was over, he gave his Friends this particular Account of what Pastime he had.—Our Horses being completely rigged, we manned them, and the Wind being at South, and Twenty of us being in Company, away we set over the Downs. In the Time of Half a Watch we espied a Hare under full Gale: We tacked and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which Tack I had like to have run a-ground; but getting close off I stood after her again; but as the Devil would have it, just as I was a bout to lay her aboard, carrying too much Wind, I and my Horse overset, and came Keel upwards.

Two Persons quarrelling in a Public House, one told the other "he knew what would hang him:" "You are a Liar, replied his Antagonist, and I defy you to prove your Words;" when the first produced a Cord and said, "*this would hang you.*"

A Nobleman being greatly in Debt, one of his Friends told him, he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed.—For my Part, replied he, I sleep very well: *I only wonder how my Creditors can sleep.*

Two

Two Irishmen having travelled on Foot from Chester to Barnet, were grieviously tired and fatigued with their Journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still Ten Miles to go to London.—By my Shoul and St. Patrick, said one of them, 'tis but Five Miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.

A Child, the Son of a Coal-Merchant, having been frequently told of the Punishment of Hell Fire, one Day conversing with his Father, said, "Pray Papa do you serve the Devil with Coals?"

A Gentleman passing by a River, asked a Shepherd whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, said the shepherd; but upon trying he flounced over Head and Ears:—Why you Rogue, said he, did not you tell me it might be passed over:—Indeed, Sir, said the Shepherd, I thought so, for my *Geese* go over and back again every Day, and I did not doubt but you was as *wise* as a *Goose*.

A Countryman, who had been some Years married to rather a wanton Wife, on going to Bed one Night hid herself under the Clothes, and called out, "John, I'll lay you Sixpence you can't find me?" John, who was more inclined to *sleep* than *toy*, answered her drily, I'll lay you Sixpence I won't try.

A Chimney-Sweeper having ran up against a Soldier, was about to apologize, when the Son of Mars told him, "he was a black Scoundrel, and ought to be kicked."—*Black*, replied Soot-Bag, pray what Colour was you before you was boiled?

In a great Storm at Sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to Prayers. In the midst of their Devotion, a Boy began laughing. The Captain asked him what he meant by it?—Why, truly, Sir, said he, I laugh at that man's fiery Nose there, to think what a *hissing* it will make by and by, *when it comes into the Water*.

Humorous

Humorous Epigrams, Epitaphs, Tales, &c.

The disappointed Husband.

A Scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest,
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with Black,
And all their Cheer was Sugar-Rolls and Sack.
Two Mourning Staffs stood Centry at the Door,
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The Cloaks, and Tears, and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They March'd in woeful Pomp to Abchurch-Yard.
When, see of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come!
The very Dead can't pass in Quiet Home.
By some rude Jolt the Coffin-Lid was broke,
And *Madam* from her Dream of Death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd! The Undertaker's Pay,
Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine, quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former Scene
Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
The tender Husband took especial Care,
To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;
Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his *Dear* in such another *Fright*.

On a Bad Husband.

On his Death Bed poor Lubin lies,
His Spouse is in Despair:
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They both express their Care.
A different Cause, said Parson Sly,
The same Effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall *die*,
His Wife, that he may *live*.

On a Toper.

Here lie I must,
Quite choak'd with Thirst,
And destin'd to be sober,
Ye Bucks take Care,
How you come here,
For, faith here's no *October*.

On the Marriage of Miss LAMB *to Mr.* LION, *who from a great Rake became a sober Husband.*

That Love works Miracles we find,
Lo! this Event discovers,
An Union of amazing Kind!
Who thought they'd e'er been Lovers:
Posterity will think it strange,
Believe it all a Sham,
When they are told the mighty Change,
That *Lion* sports with *Lamb*.
Farther—how wondrous 'twill appear,
Which many will say fie on,
When they with Truth this Story hear,
A Lamb has TAM'D *a Lion*.

On

On a Lady who wrote a Vow against Matrimony upon a Pane of Glass.

The Lady who this Resolution took,
Wrote it on *Glass*, to shew it might be *broke*.

The Wish.—By a young Lady.

I ask not Wit, nor Beauty do I crave,
Nor Wealth, nor pompous Titles wish to have:
But since 'tis doom'd, through all Degrees of Life,
Whether a Daughter, Sister, or a Wife,
That Females should the stronger Males obey,
And yield implicit to their lordly sway;
Since this, I say, is ev'ry Woman's Fate,
Give me a Mind to suit my slavish State.

On seeing a young Lady accidentally break a Glass.—By her Brother.

See Sister in this Shatter'd Glass,
The Fate of many a pretty Lass,
Women, like Glass, is frail and Weak
Is apt to slip, is apt to break:
Therefore guide every Step with Caution,
For just like Glass is Reputation;
Both broke to Pieces in once falling,
For ever lost, and past recalling.

A Marriage Ceremony.—By Dean Swift.

Under a Hedge, in stormy Weather,
I join this Whore and Rogue together,
And none but he who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue asunder.

The Landlord trick'd.

An Irishman coming late into an Inn,
Ask'd the Maid what Meat there was within?
Cow-Heel, she answered, and a *Breast of Mutton*;
Then quoth the Irishman, since I am no Glutton,
Either of these shall serve.—To night the Breast;
The Heels in the Morning, then light Meat is best:
—At Night he took the BREAST and did not pay,
In the Morning took the HEELS—and *ran away*.

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

Here lieth one, who often *lied* before,
And now he lieth here, he *lies no more*.

Epitaph on a noted Blacksmith.

My *Sledge* and *Hammer* lie reclin'd,
My *Bellows* too have lost their Wind;
My *Fire* extinct, my *Forge* decay'd,
And in the Dust my *Vice* is laid;
My *Coal is spent*, my *Iron's* gone,
My *Nails* are drove, my *Work* is done.

On a Bishop's Coachman who died at Bath.

Here lies the Bishop's Coachman *Ned*,
Who seldom sober went to Bed;
But that means nothing, now he's dead;
Alas! poor *Ned*.

Suffice it thus much to relate,
He drove to Bath to fly his Fate;
But Fate determin'd long before,
That *Ned* from Bath should come no more:
Alas! poor *Ned*.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Man whose Name was MORE.

Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One More, and *no more*, how can that be;
Why one *More* and *no more*, may well lie here alone,
For here lies *one More*, and that's *no more* than one.

Epitaph on Mrs. ELIZABETH NOT.

Not born, *Not* dead, *Not* christen'd, *Not* begot;
Lo, here she lies that was, and that was *Not*:
She died, was baptized; and what's more,
Was, in her Life, *Not* honest; *Not* a Whore.——
Reader! behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which, whilst thou seemest to read, thou readest *Not*.

Epitaph on a beautiful Lady.

Underneath this Stone doth lie;
As much Virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as could live.

Epitaph on his Wife.

Here lieth my poor Wife, without Bed or Blanket,
But as dead as a Door-Nail, God be thanked.

Epitaph.

Here lies honest Stephen, with Mary his Wife,
Who merrily liv'd and cheerfully dyed:
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were able,
But now they are forc'd to lie under the Table.

Epitaph on a Bailiff.

Here lies John Trott, by Trade a Bum,
And when he dy'd,
The Devil cry'd,
Come John come.

Epitaph on ALEXANDER PECK.

Here lies a PECK!—which some Men say,
Was first of all a PECK of CLAY;
This, wrought with Skill Divine, while fresh
Became a curious PECK of FLESH:
Through various Forms its Maker ran;
Than adding Breath, made PECK a Man.
Full Sixty Years PECK felt Life's Bubbles,
Till Death relev'd a PECK of Troubles,
Thus fell poor PECK, as all Things must,
And here he lies—a PECK OF DUST.

Epitaph on Sir John Fry.

Here lies, the Body of Sir John Fry,
Oh! Oh! does he so?—There let him lie.

The Contented Farmer.

I eat, drink, and sleep, and do what I please,
The King at St. James's can only do these.

Lines wrote on the Collar of a Dog belonging to the Prince at Kew.

I am the Prince's Dog, at Kew
Pray tell me, Sir! whose Dog are you?

The

The Battle: Or, Black, White, and Red.

A Chimney-Sweep and Baker went to fight:
The Baker beat the Chimney-Sweep *white*;
The Chimney-Sweep, though laid upon his Back,
Took Wind, and quickly beat the Baker *black*.
In came a Brickdust-Man, with Porter fed,
And beat both Chimney-Sweep and Baker *red*.
Thus black, white, red, in Clouds together lay,
And none could tell which Party had the Day.

On a Pettyfogging Lawyer.

Beneath this Dunghill rotting lies
A Knave, who liv'd by Fools:—
If to Heavn's *Court* he ever rise,
He'll break his *Prison Rules*.

Epitaph on a Lady who vowed never to marry.

Chloe abhor'd the Name of Wife,
Was very grave and stay'd,
Resolv'd to lead a happy Life,
And live and die a Maid:
Yet soon as Florio bravely try'd
With well feign'd Arts to win her,
The Virgin yielded, blush'd, and cry'd,
"I'll not be such a Sinner."

Epitaph on a Cobler.

Let drop one Tear my gentle Friend,
And pity this poor Cobler's End.
This honest Fellow work'd so fast,
He wore his awl out, and his last.
On future Bliss he can't depend,
His Sole was grown too bad to mend.

Cross Readings from different News Papers.

YESTERDAY a large Flock of Geese and Turkies ——was committed to the Poultry Compter for further Examination.

——aged seventy six, was married to a young Girl of Eighteen——the Reason of committing this rash Action is not yet known.

On Wednesday last a fine Turtle, weighing upwards of Eighty Pounds,——was carried before the Sitting Alderman.

Escaped from the New Goal, Patrick O'Blaney,—— if he will return, he will be kindly received.

Yesterday on the Parade a Soldier received Five Hundred Lashes——apply as above, and you may have the same Reward.

Wants Employment, for a few leisure Hours,—— several Ladies of Rank and Fashon.

Friday a poor blind Man fell into a Sawpit——to which he was introduced by the Master of Ceremonies.

Ready to sail for the West Indies——the Canterbury Machine in one Day.

Yesterday a Quantity of New Guineas were issued at the Tower——let none doubt the Efficacy of this Medicine.

Whereas it often happens that People are in want of Money——Five Hundred Pounds are ready to be given to any Lady or Gentleman.

CHOICE

CHOICE CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is swearing like an Old Coat?
Because it is a bad Habit.

Why is a bad Memory like a covetous Man?
Because he is for-getting,

Why is a Playhouse like a Punch-Bowl?
Because it is best when full.

Why is a Buttock of Beef like a Traitor?
Because it goes to Pot.

Why is a little Man like a good Book;
Because he is often looked over.

Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot?
Because it is out of the Head.

Why is a surly Dog like a Sharper?
Because he bites.

Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Fashion?
Because she dresses well.

Why are humorous Jests like being tickled?
Because they make us laugh.

Why is a Dancing Master like a Cook?
Because he cuts Capers.

Why is a complaisant Man like a Tree?
Because he is full of Bows.

Why is a Macaroni like a merry Andrew?
Because he plays the Fool.

Why is a Macaroni like Nothing!
Because Nothing is like him.

Why is a Summer-Day like a passionate Man?
Because it is hot.

Why is a Monument like a proud Man?
Because it is lofty.

Why is a Sharper like an Eel?
Because he is slippery,

Why is a hungry Man like a Razor?
Because he is sharp set.

Why is a Man in Liquor like a Sow?
Because he wallows in the Mire.

Why is an ill-natured Man like Vinegar?
Because he is sour.

Why is a Fop's Head like a Pond without Water?
Because it is empty.

Why is a leaky Barrel like a Coward?
Because it runs.

Why is a Book like a Fruit-Tree in Spring?
Because it is full of Leaves.

Why is a Woman's Tongue like a good Clock?
Because it never stands still.

Why is a silly Fellow like a Feather-Bed?
Because he is soft.

Why is a Taylor like a Sprout?
Because he will Cabbage.

Why is the Moon like a Weather-Cock?
Because it often changes.

Why is a Fish-hook like a Bull?
Because it is sometimes baited.

Why are Coals like a poor labouring Man?
Because they feed the Grate.

Why is a Candle like a Tobacconist?
Because it makes Snuff

A Collection of

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, &c.

MAY Trade increase, and Faction cease.
May the Glory of Britain never be eclipsed.
May the Man we esteem be honest, and the Land we live in free.
May the Enemies of Great Britain never eat the Bread thereof.
Long Corns, and short Shoes, to the Enemies of Great Britain.
Britain's best Bulwark, her Wooden Walls.
Unanimity to the Officers of Great Britain by Sea and Land.
Great Men honest, and honest Men great.
Every honest Man his Right, and every Rogue a Halter.
The Two Strangers at Court, Honour and Honesty.
Peace and Friendship, throughout the World.
May the Wings of Liberty never loose a Feather.
All true Hearts and sound Bottoms.
May we never want a Friend, nor a Bottle to give him.
May the honest Heart never know Distress.
Plenty to a generous Mind.
Provision to the unprovided.

May all honest Souls find a Friend.

Health of Body, Peace of Mind, a clean Shirt, and a Guinea.

May we never know Sorrow but by Name.

All Fortune's Daughters, but the eldest.

More Friends and less Need of them.

May we always have a Friend, and know his Value.

May he who wants Friendship always want Friends.

May the Scissars of Œconomy clip the Wings of Extravagance.

Religion without Hypocrisy.

May the Pleasures of the Evening bear the Reflections of the Morning.

May Poverty ever be a Day's March behind us.

May the Oil of Sincerity ever feed the Lamp of Friendship.

When Distress draws on Pity may the Draft be honoured.

The Hand that gives, and the Heart that forgives.

To every one that you and I know.

Merit to gain a Heart, and Sense to keep it.

The Girl we love, and the Man we dare trust.

May we have in our Arms, whom we love in our Hearts.

Success to our Hopes, and Enjoyment to our Wishes.

Love without Fear, and Life without Care.

May we be beloved by those whom we love.

Constancy in Love, and Sincerity in Friendship.

Friendship without Interest, and Love without Deceit.

Love to one, Friendship to a few, and Good-will to all.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

THE END.

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